Hallowe'en Special

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Hallowe'en Special

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

Nigel gets to celebrate his first Hallowe'en, Adam Raki's way.

Notes

A few chapters of fluff and cute. Not long. I wanted to write something for the #RudeTrip but that fell through. I got sick, my mind wouldn't let me work on anything. It was like all fandoms bled from my brain, leaving me an empty shell.

I wrote these chapters days ago though, so I'll be posting them while I'm miserable.

Isn't it great that with the more fics in this tag, the more it's considered an actual ship and no longer a Side Ship-AU?

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

#Hannictober Day 31: Happy Hallowe'en

EDIT: I'm adding this fic to my #Hannictober series because some of the chapters fit the prompts.

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Adam or Charlie Countryman.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

“Adam?”

Nigel looked around, finding some items that were not in the apartment when he’d left that morning. Such as the big fucking, plastic pumpkin on the kitchen table. Or the fake ass skeleton hanging on the back of the damn door.

His darling didn’t respond, but there was a clatter of what sounded like plastic meeting plastic.

Following the noise, he found the entire lounge covered in Hallowe’en decorations. Nigel had been aware of the holiday, but he hadn’t fucking celebrated it before. Adam apparently did, which wasn’t something he had expected from the other man.

“You like Hallowe’en, darling?”

“The decorations always went up on October fifth,” Adam responded, paying an abnormal amount of attention to the orange lantern he was trying to hang up. On it, was a black, jack-o-lantern face. There were several others stationed around the room. Along with other little baubles for the holiday.

Nigel tossed his bag on the sofa and took the lantern from his lover, reaching up to place it directly on the hook that had formerly been placed in what he thought was a stupid area. Now it made sense. What was the point in removing it if it was going to be put back a year later?

“Thank you,” Adam murmured, already reaching inside the white box at his feet and withdrawing four orange candles.

“Do you want them on the coffee table, darling?” Nigel asked, already getting where Adam might want them.

The brunet nodded and passed them over. “From where you sit, your perspective will have them tallest to shortest, please? Five inches apart each.”

Nigel long ago gave up trying to understand the specific details that Adam required in his life. He merely did as instructed, and hoped to all fuck that his guesstimates were correct.

“Do you like Hallowe’en?” he asked as he situated the candles in what he thought were the proper places.

“Not so much the children and unbearably loud partying that commences within a week of the holiday, but Autumn is nice when it’s celebrated in silence. I may also have a fondness for caramel apples covered in multiple layers of chocolate and nuts. And cookies. I can make those, but only on the tenth. They were always made on the tenth.”

Nigel couldn’t help but give a fond sigh. His darling was too good for the world. And fuck was Nigel smitten.

“Anything special you want to do when it finally rolls around? You know you won’t be able to avoid the noise, but perhaps a distraction could help.”

Adam paused in stringing up black and orange garland. “I used to just put in earplugs and rolls myself in my blanket, waiting for it to pass. But you’re here now.”

“I am,” Nigel asserted, placing a hand on his darling’s lower back so he could lean into the younger man. “I could keep you entertained. Or perhaps we could find something to do together.”

“Is this an offer for sex, or a genuine offer to do something else?”

Nigel huffed a laugh into his darling’s ridiculously starched collar. “It was an offer for anything. Whatever the fuck you want to do, darling.”

“I would like to have sex,” said Adam with a firm nod. “*After* I finish decorating. Then we can discuss Hallowe’en.”

Nigel was perfectly okay with that!

A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram and Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Nigel and shopping.

Chapter Notes

#Hannictober Day 14: Candy

Some preparation for the baking!

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Adam or Charlie Countryman.

I have no beta

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Nigel was holding the phone to his ear, cursing to himself in Romanian as he stared at the various fucking bags of candies that could go into fucking cookies. And why was Nigel subjecting himself to this bullshit? Because his darling Adam did not like going to the shops and Nigel could be a decent human fucking being every once in awhile. He wanted Adam to be happy and comfortable, and if that meant that Nigel ended unhappy and uncomfortable, then so fucking be it!

“Nigel?” Adam answered after the third ring, like he always did, no matter who was calling. “Are you okay?”

“Is there supposed to be a specific kind of those chocolate candies that you wanted, or did you want something else?” Nigel asked, staring at the pumpkin shaped chocolates, and the regular chip shapes.

Adam proceeded to list the kinds he wanted from a particular brand. The names were lost on Nigel, but the brand stuck out like a sore fucking thumb. Throwing all caution to the wind, he simply grabbed every bag with that brand name on it, and just tossed all of them in the fucking cart. The shelf was left empty and he didn't give a damn.

“Nigel, you just grabbed everything, didn’t you?” Adam asked, over the phone.

“Yes. Some of those words don’t have a direct translation to Romanian, darling. I have no idea what half the words you said even mean. I got chocolate and caramel. Anything else is enough to fuck me up,” Nigel gruffly replied.

His cart was full of sweet shit. Adam would just have to make sense of it all, and then Nigel could eat the rest if he felt like it. Not that that would be a taxing job or anything. Nigel liked to eat. His rapidly shrinking trousers said as much.

And it wasn’t like it would be a dent in his wallet or too much work for him later on. Both Adam and Nigel had a liking for sweets.

“Don’t forget to get the eggs," Adam said. "I want farm fresh brown, Grade A. No cracks.”

“I know. I’ll check,” Nigel promised.

He never forgot anything Adam told him.

“Darling, do you want me to get you a case of creme soda?”

Adam was silent for a moment, before saying, “That would be nice, thank you.”

Smiling, Nigel bade his lover a farewell and wheeled his cart around to get the fucking soda. While he didn’t enjoy it, his darling loved it. And if mixed with orange soda, it would have an orange creamsicle flavor, which was preferable to just plain creme.

His mobile rang again.

It was Adam.

“Get condoms,” Adam told him calmly, though Nigel had gotten good at picking up on the small sliver of desire in his voice. His darling was wanting.

With a smirk, Nigel nodded to himself. “Sure thing, darling.”

Anything he fucking needed.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Fingers covered in dough, and some licking.

Chapter Notes

They bake cookies!

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Adam or Charlie Countryman.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

“You can’t eat out of this bowl, Nigel. I have already calculated how many cookies will come from this batch alone. That’s fourteen.”

Adam's adorably frustrated face could only make Nigel smile. His darling was perfection.

Nigel’s hand regretfully retreated from the bowl, but he sent Adam a look. “Only fourteen for all this?”

Adam’s cheeks flushed adorably and he mumbled something in response to Nigel’s confusion.

“Huh?”

“I like big and soft cookies,” the younger man clarified. “You can have some dough from the next batch, but these are special and have to be a certain size.”

Adam had a secret sweet tooth. He could pile away a shit ton of sweets if they were in easy reach.

Nigel smiled, besotted and happily so.

Adam didn't need help baking, but he did ask for help in cleaning up, so Nigel slipped around him, washing bowls and beaters, while Adam used the ice cream scoop for cookie dough.

By the time Adam started on the next batch of cookies, all the utensils were cleaned once more, letting him begin without having to waste any time.

Nigel liked watching Adam do things he was good at. Adam held a sort of self-confidence when he was doing things he personally loved. It was sexy, and made Nigel adore his darling all the more.

Adam smiled and dipped a finger in the bowl, pulling out a shit ton of dough. The little tease waved his hand in front of Nigel's face and laughed when Nigel latched onto that finger, laving the finger happily. An example of what he wanted to do later on.

Adam's eyelids dropped a bit, and his pupils dilated. Nigel wasn't the only one affected.

"Darling, I'd honestly love nothing more than to cover you in cookie dough and then lick all of it off, very slowly," Nigel admitted, his voice a little rough with desire.

Adam hummed and dipped his finger in the bowl once again. Instead of offering it to Nigel this time, he licked the dough off the finger Nigel had almost deep-throated.

Nigel's trousers tightened considerably. His darling was such a tease!

Adam began scooping the rest of the dough onto the silver tray and swapped it out with the hot one in the oven.

Once those cookies were set aside to cool on racks, Adam leaned across the table to plant a light kiss on Nigel's lips.

"We'll have to wait for the cookies to finish, and the clean everything up. But afterward…"

"Afterward," Nigel agreed with a sharp nod, getting up to clean the dishes as quickly as possible.

It wouldn't do to keep his precious Adam waiting.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram/Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

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Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Pumpkins!

Chapter Notes

#Hannictober Day 2: Pumpkin

So I once had a pumpkin that was 52 lbs and 3 oz. It was over $100 dollars though. :(

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Adam or Charlie Countryman.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLE. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

“Nigel!”

The blond man rolled around, trying to keep his darling within the confines of his arms. He wasn’t ready to get up yet and rarely could he convince his Adam to stay in bed longer than usual.

“Nigel, we have plans for today!” Adam said, exasperation heavy in his tone.

With great reluctance, Nigel opened his eyes and was granted the beautiful sight of Adam Raki’s baby blues, staring him down. Yes, there was light annoyance within them, but at least they were focused on Nigel only, and that was good enough.

“I can’t seem to remember, darling. What are we doing today?” the man teased.

Adam sighed. “We are supposed to be taking a bus out to the pumpkin patch in North Salem in order to get some pumpkins to carve. It has been circled on the calendar since the first. I have told you about it every morning in order to remind you. I cleared your schedule for this.”

Yes, Nigel remembered perfectly. Hearing something over and over every day would no doubt have anyone remembering. He simply liked to watch the frustrated pout on his darling’s lips whenever he was exasperated with Nigel.

While he didn't think so, Adam was actually very expressive. More so than he assumed. It was cute. And Nigel fucking adored him all the more because of it.

Pushing himself up, he said, “Then let’s shower and get ready to pick fucking pumpkins, darling.”

Adam was already making the bed before Nigel's feet even touched the floor.

“That one is far too large on the one side.”

“There are too many blemishes on the ones in this section.”

“I don’t like the color. It has to be more orange, instead of yellow.”

Nigel sighed as he pulled the damn wagon along. Adam had a very specific idea of what he wanted. Nigel had never gone pumpkin picking before and had no fucking clue what was going on, which was why he let Adam do the hard work.

Still, he didn’t see why it was such a big fucking deal whether the color was too dark or light. Or the pumpkin was big or warty.

He asked, unable to stop himself.

Adam didn’t even look his way, as he was gauging the weight of a pumpkin, heaving it from side to side like a pendulum.

“The blemishes will tarnish the presentation of the pumpkin. Solid orange is nicest. I also prefer to have more space available to carve, so larger pumpkins are necessary. However, we only ever bought pumpkins between the forty and fifty pound mark, so I’m trying to mentally calculate.”

The fucking gourds were being charged by the damn pound. Nigel could only imagine the multiple digits he would be seeing by the end of this venture.

The thought made him cringe.

Still, Adam’s concentrated look was plastered firmly on his face. And this was something he liked doing. His tongue peeked out just slightly as he concentrated, and it was the cutest fucking thing Nigel had ever seen.

Fuck the prices. Adam's happiness was worth it.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram/Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLE. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Carving!

Chapter Notes

#Hannictober Day 20: Jack O' Lantern

More fluff!

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Adam or Charlie Countryman.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLE. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

“Nigel, you need to cut the bottom out, not the top.”

“Why the fuck would I do that?”

Adam sighed. “By cutting your would be jack o’ lantern open from the bottom, it’ll make it easier to set up later. Instead of reaching in and possibly burning yourself when it comes to lighting the candle, you’ll only have to place the pumpkin over the already lit candle. It saves time and energy. Also, the pumpkin will usually cave in if you cut the top off.”

Nigel grumbled, having already cut the damn thing open. It now had a lid.

Though they had bought twenty other fucking pumpkins, so he could just do it the way Adam did it, with his next one.

“What about the fuckign seeds, darling?”

“We eat them.”

At Nigel's disgusted look, Adam added, "We wash them, dry them, salt them, and then bake them. They taste good."

"Whatever you fucking say, darling."

Nigel ended up gathering an enormous bowl full of pumpkin seeds, as well as a shit ton of what he liked to call 'guts'. He'd then carved a large smile on his pumpkin and shoved some of the orange strings back inside, to make it look like the pumpkin was vomiting its innards.

When he looked over, his lover had somehow managed to carve out a very detailed replica of Saturn and all those fucking rings. Some places had holes, others had elaborately carved shapes, and layers of the gourd were missing. Practically shaved off.

He placed a hand over his nose when his darling took a can of black spray paint - which he had formerly not understood why it was needed - and covered the entire pumpkin in black.

Adam meticulously worked, moving on to the next pumpkin without so much as a blink.

And there Nigel was, staring at his pumpkin that was still vomiting up it's own guts.

Adam took this shit seriously. But at least he was enjoying himself.

Nigel was more enamored than he'd ever been.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram/Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLE. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Costume shopping!

Chapter Notes

Fluff and some hints at smut.

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Adam or Charlie Countryman.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

“Darling, I know you said you didn’t want to go door to door and dress up, but I found this and it had your name on it!”

Adam came into the kitchen to see what Nigel was going on about, and his mouth dropped open.

They were pajamas. Commonly referred to as ‘onsies’. This one however, was almost a perfect replica of an astronaut suit. All it lacked was a helmet, but it was certainly nice.

“I don’t see my name on it.”

Nigel laughed. “It’s just something people say when they mean that the object in question would fit someone’s interests well. Like if you went to the store and saw one of those huge ass chocolate bars that weigh like ten pounds. That would *have my name on it* because it matches my interests and the fact that I’ve bought like a hundred since meeting you. It would make you think of me and my addiction to chocolate.

“The item doesn’t *actually* have a person’s name on it.”

Oh.

Adam reached out and accepted the gift. It was soft. Better than his heavy blanket. “Can I wear it now, or is it only for Hallowe’en?”

“You can wear it whenever the fuck you like, gorgeous. I simply couldn’t pass up getting it for you.”

“Where’s yours?” Adam asked, peering into the bag and finding it empty.

“They didn’t have anything I liked, darling. It’s fine.”

Pouting, Adam shook his head and folded the gift so that it rested on the table. “I want you to experience Hallowe’en too, Nigel. It’s not fair that I get gifts and get to dress up as something I like and you don’t.”

“Uuuhhhh…”

“What store did you get it from? I want to see for myself.”

Adam was already grabbing his coat and keys.

“Are you sure, Adam?”

“Yes. Maybe yours can have a little less fabric though.”

Nigel stared down at his ‘costume’ as Adam had called it.

There was actually nothing to it. It was just a brown headband with kitty ears on top, and an anal plug that had a matching brown tail. With his thick chest hair accompanying the ensemble, he could kind of pass for a cat.

Still, Adam seemed to be enjoying it. So Nigel would just fucking go with it.

Besides, Adam was petting him, but conveniently missing that places begging to be touched.

Fucking tease.

A/N: The first is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram and Spacedogs fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

The finale!

Chapter Notes

#Hannictober Day 31: Happy Hallowe'en.

A fun ending.

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

"It's only fair," Adam said. "We did what *you* wanted last night. The Candy Corn took forever to get out."

Nigel groaned as Adam's hands trailed over his incredibly sticky form. His darling was almost fully clothed while Nigel was naked. As requested of course.

Adam had come at him with a bowl of melted chocolate that he wanted to drip all over Nigel. In his other hand was a plate full of sliced apples that he wanted to dip in said melted confection and then eat.

While other people were dressed up as monsters and were scaring the shit out of each other as they tried to get some sweets, he and Adam were spending their Hallowe'en evening in bed. Creatively.

Nigel was surprised by how Adam took the initiative and control. So while he lay back on the towel covered bed, a mostly clothed Adam was sitting on his cock, pouring chocolate all over Nigel's chest. As if this was a normal thing they did every day.

"I thought you didn't like messes, darling," the blond groaned, trying to regulate his breathing. He didn't want to finish too soon after all.

Adam's hips shifted tauntingly. "I'm cleaning this one up though, so it won't be a mess when I'm done."

Adam's tongue laved at Nigel's flesh, lightly trailing over the left nipple.

Nigel's hips jerked, and Adam moaned in response.

"I don't think this is what 'trick or treat' means."

"Words are being reinvented all the time, and new definitions given. No one cares if I translate it a little differently. *You* certainly don't."

Adam lifted himself just a bit and readjusted his position. He hummed in response to Nigel's tortured moaning.

"Besides, this is treat enough for me."

Nigel couldn't help but agree. It was a treat for him as well.

"When we're done, I want you to sit on the sofa with me and eat our pumpkin seeds together."

Nigel groaned when Adam stopped.

"Darling?"

"Agree, Nigel, or I will wait."

What a cock tease.

"Anything you fucking want, darling."

Adam smiled and leaned down to peck Nigel's cheek. "Happy Hallowe'en."

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

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End Notes

How was it?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!